## SOME NEW NOVELS.

RATHER LOW-GRADE ORE .

WOMAN THE STRONGER. By W. J. FLAGGI 10, pp. 403. Belford, Clarke & Co. ASK HER, MAN! ASK HER! By A. B. ROKER

12mo, pp. 381. G. W. Dillingham BEWITCHED. By LOUIS PENDLETON. 12mo, pp. ODDS AGAINST HER. By MARGARET RUSSELL

MACFARLANE. 12mo, pp. 240. Cassell & Co. MADAME SILVA. By M. G. McCLELLAND. 12mo, pp. 320. Cassell & Co. EROS. By LAURA DAINTREY. 12mo, pp. 255. Belford, Clarke & Co. HIS WAY AND HER WILL By A. X. 12mo, pp.

Belford, Clarke & Co. ROGER BERKELEY'S PROBATION. BY HELEN CAMPBELL, 12mo, pp. 183. Boston: Roberts

HASCHISCH. By THOROLD KING: 12mo, pp. 318. THE LASSES OF LEVER HOUSE. By JESSIE FOTHERGILL, 16mo, pp. 285. Henry Hoit

THE FATAL THREE. By M. E. BRADDON, 12mo Harper & Brothers. THE STEEL HAMMER. By LOUIS ULBACH.
Translated from the French by E. W. Latimer.
12mo, pp. 231. D. Appleton & Co.

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS. A Sequel to "The Steel Hammer." By LOUIS ULBACH. Translated by E. W. Latimer. 12mo, pp. 229. D. Apple-

NAPOLEON SMITH. 12mo, pp. 202. The Judge

Mr. Flagg's novel has considerable merit. It is marked by decided originality and a fresh, vigorous style. In the preface-an unusual matter in works of fiction-he takes the reader into his confidence so far as to explain that the most striking characters and situations in the book are copied from real life. In the case of Miss Yerks this would naturally be assumed, for while very few people can have encountered so strange a specimen of womanhood, it may safely be asserted that noody could have invented her. She is not a type, but an exception, and a remarkably odd one. The 'Gray Eagle," as her mountain neighbors call her, is a curious and interesting study; beyond doubt conventionally disreputable, but in no way vulgar or coarse; the boldness and natural breadth of her views of life putting her quite apart from ordinary ideas of impropriety. It may also be remembered that the peculiar methods by which Miss Yerks tested her wooers correspond closely with that Scottish practice of " hand-fasting" which obtained until recent times in some parts of the "land o' While the belligerent and battle-disciplined "Gray Eagle" is certainly the most original and surprising of Mr. Flagg's dramatis personae, there are several other clearly marked and individualized characters, and enough action of the most stirring kind to satisfy the most exigent lover of sensationalism. The variety of scene is also unusual, and the plot changes from life. New-York drawing-rooms to the wildest of mountain life without showing strain or losing interest. The author's style is virile, terse and often crisply epigrammatic. He has his people always well in hand, and he wastes no space in relation not bearing upon the main action. As to the didactic purpose, which is nowhere obtruded, it is so plain that he who runs may read it.

The title of the anonymous novel "Ask Her, Man! Ask Her!" is unfortunate. It suggests vulgar sensationalism and nothing more, and in so doing it wrongs a really fair piece of work. The Wall Street man indeed has been decidedly overdone in recent Aemrican fiction, and whether the purpose of those using him has been to point a ral upon the vicissitudes of the "street," or merely to excite interest in the picturesque extravagance and recklessness of the ideal stock-gambler, the result has been the same, namely, to tire the public. In this story there is a wretched little cad of a millionaire's son, the description of whose caddishness leads the author perilously near indecorum more than once. It is no doubt realism, but too much of the Zolaesque order. For the rest there are plenty of natural and lively people in the book, and the women are human and sympathetic, and the interest does not flag before the end is reached. If, as alleged, this is the author's first essay in fletion, he has no reason to be ashamed of his work, though there is plenty of room for improvement if he intends to write more

"Bewitched" is a weird and sombre story supposed to be related by a very "cranky" young nan who finds it necessary to separate from his kind and take to the solitude of the Florida coast in order to get his own consent to going on living. In his half shooting-box, half hermitage, among woods he falls upon a strange adventure, and finds himself called upon to rescue a lovely maiden who has been kidnapped by a wicked pseudo-Spaniard but real " nigger." Strange as the tale is it has nothing half so remarkable as the haste with which the imprisoned maiden consents to marry her deliverer. Perhaps, however, even this would be more startling if the whole of the characters were less shadowy. But there is nothing real or natural about any of them. Mr. Pendleton has failed to do more than block them out, they take no hold upon the reader, produce illusion of reality, rouse no more interest than attaches to a clever marionette performance. In short "Bewitched" is rather thin and poor.

Miss Macfarlane in setting the scene of her story in Germany has, we are afraid, contrived to array the " odds against her" novel, for American readers can hardly be expected to take a deep and abiding interest in the doings of Prussian nobles and their family connections. It is true that a quasi-American girl of an trrepressible type is introduced-a young lady who insures that variety which is said to be the spice of life by alternately teaching a country school and shooting eagles in the Adirondacks-against the law moreover. But this remarkable young woman is after all a Von Arnim by one remove, and cannot be regarded as adequately representing the stars and stripes on the feudal estates of her haughty kindred. The novel is quite cosmopoli-The villain is a beautiful Russian woman, and it may here be noted that the frequency with which dramatists and writers of fiction select the Czar's female subjects as examples of iniquity in all kinds is anything but flattering to Muscovite national feeling, and perhaps hardly warranted by statistics. Miiss Macfarlane's naughty Russian is not a good specimen of her class, either, for she collapses just at the moment when, if she had kept a cool head and played her cards well, the game must have been in her hands. One feels that the author has somewhat unfairly killed her off in order to award the battle to Prasseda, who, though not an objectionable girl, is plainly no match for her rival, and ought, in these realistic days, to have been the victim instead of the victor.

" Madame Silva" is an attempt, but not a particularly successful one, to employ the current ideas about occultism, telepathy, magnetic sympathy, and so forth, as motives in fletion. The heroine is a "sensitive" whose nearest relations are devoted to the study of occult science, and knowing her special aptitude for psychologic development, wish to cultivate her gifts. They succeed in separating her from her husband and child, and her temperament is so peculiar that she manifests no affection or and gives herself up to the unpatural life which she has been prepared. The interest of the story lies in the relation of the methods adopted to wean her from occultism. Her affection, dormant previously, is slowly stirred to life by bringing her in contact with her child, and after much trouble and difficult; she is apparently cured of her mythical predilections. There is a ond story in the book, entitled " The Ghost of Dred Power," in which a vision plays a leading part. Though shorter than " Madame Silva," this better and stronger tale of the two. The author betrays an ignorance of occultism in the former which leads her to mix adepts, spiritual mediums and faith-curers in a strange manner.

"Miss Varian of New-York" was a good enough novel to justify the hope that the author would go

on and do better, but we cannot say that " Eros' is in the line of improvement. It is not credible that Miss Remington and her mother and Dominus are in any sense life-studies. They are plainly evolved from the disorderly imagination of a very young writer who has been ill advised. Miss Daintrey has not followed Zola in photographing the ugliest examples of the worst types to be found in modern society. She has invented impossible people and put them forward as models of impropriety. In thus committing herself to a false theory of art she has also deteriorated lamentably in her style. The scenes be-Mamie and Dominus are rather imitations of dime-novel heroines than essays n serious fiction. Nothing could be more tawdry. nclodramatic and unnatural than the manner in which these two very bad characters make love and quarrel. They are always in the superative mood. Their breasts are always heaving, their eyes are always darting fiery glances, they are always calling one another "My Queen" and My King," when not otherwise engaged in cursing and swearing and indulging in the tallest of tall talk." We say it reluctantly, but it is unfortunately only too obviously true, that the author shows a by no means praiseworthy desire to write a wicked book, and has failed from sheer ignorance of the subjects she tries to treat. No doubt such ignorance is to be desired, but there is no reason why juvenile experiments of the kind should be encouraged, and many apparent ones for deprecating them. The only scenes in this book which at all approach realism are those in the boarding-house, and they are marked by an exaggerated vulgarity and ccarseness.

"A. X." has written a clever and brilliant novel in "His Way and Her Will." An American girl, and a charming one, is the heroine of it, and it is full of bold and true strokes of analysis, sharp social satire, and shrewd observation. One of the special humors of the story is Mrs. Roosevelt Rose, the "lady correspondent," who undertakes for a consideration to introduce rich vulgarians into oci-ty, and does it too, despite protests and remonstrances, with a tact and skill worthy of a better cause. Mrs. Rose is a clear-cut individuality. So are the Pecks, whom she chaperones. So is Moray Stuart, a strange, original character, called Prince Charming" by his friends, and who coneals an enormous egoism and baseness under an affectation of "other-worldliness." throp is so womanly a woman, so delightful in her caprices, so cleverly studied throughout, that we ardly think a woman could have created her. A woman does not generally admire her own sex. and the inventor of Nina evidently entertains a profound regard for women. Even Mrs. Odlarne, who is much to be laughed at, is treated so tenderly that no contempt for her mingles with the amusement of the reader. The book is full of clever things, and it ends in the most satisfactory way, which is generally much better than trying to make a novel conform to the seamy side of real

Mrs. Campbell's "Roger Berkeley's Probation" is scarcely to be called a novel. It is a pleasant sketch, in which the colors are laid on lightly and little regard seems to be paid to purpose in the omposition. A spendthrift father of fascinating manners, who does his best to pauperize his family: a son of stronger fibre, whose bent it is to paint, but who gives up a career to learn a business; a deformed but amiable and dependent cousin; a small mystery originating in the larcenous proclivities of the ne'er-do-well parent-constitute the piece, and it goes on smoothly and interestingly to the orthodox denouement in the clearing up of the mystery, the release of the good son from his unpleasant thraldom to business, and the unfolding of various agreeable possibilities. It is a summer story, light and in the main cheerful, but demanding no concentration of thought from the reader.

Mr. King has exploited the recent scientific researches into hypnotism and allied stat s, in his story "Hasehisch." It is sensational, beginning with a murder and robbery and the conviction of an innocent man. What follows is in the detective line, but the employment of haschisch to secure proof against the real murderer is something new in fiction, and it is treated with considerable skill and effectiveness here. The texture of the tale is loose and there is little evidence of purposeful study of character in it, but it is not trashy. it is written in good English, and the intent is well sustained throughout.

Miss Fothergill could hardly have written a duller novel than "The Lasses of Lever House if she had tried to do so. It is dismally, exasperatingly stupid from beginning to end. Never was there a family of English girls living in a small village who less deserved to have their dreary. olorless annals preserved, and the idea of inventing such a family is so odd that it cannot be thought on without perplexity.

Any other name would have done just as well as that which Miss Braddon has taken for her last novel. It is not at all a bad story; in fact it is much better than the average of new novels. It is written with a care about detail which modern novelists seem more and more to shrink from; at least the increasing slovenliness of a large class of such books points that way. The plot of "The Fatal Three" is a respectable one. It is a story of the fathers cating wild grapes and the teeth of the children being set on edge. The secret is well kept, too, and the reader is apt to assume the validity of Mildred's conscientious difficulty, and to come with a sense of surprise upon the revelation which clears everything up-unhappily too late to restore the peace of mind of those who have suf-fered by the misunderstanding. It is not a cheerful story, but it would perhaps be going too far to assume that the author had any intention of preaching fatalism.

Louis Ulbach's two novels, " The Steel Hammer" and "For Fifteen Years," form one story, which. but for its excessive length, would be a very good one. It is the tale of a murder, for which an innocent man was condemned on the strongest kind of circumstantial evidence. The wife of the real assassin surprises her husband's secret, and while she will neither denounce nor abandon him she reolves to devote her life to repairing the wrong he had done. As the innocent victim has committed suicide in prison this work of restitution is difficult, but the murderer's wife takes the victim's wife and child to live with her, and in course of time her own son falls in love with the girl whose father his father caused the death of. Clearly there is ample room here for complications, and they ensue. The most interesting and powerful fact of the book, however, is the study of the real murderer's sufferings and apprehensions, and the slow suspicious watching of the condemned man's wife until she thinks herself in possession of conclusive proof of his guilt. The translation is well

executed. "Napoleon Smith" is a thorough-going sensa tional novel, with " no bigodel nonsense about it" as young Tite Barnaele used to remark. It is all about the search for an immense treasure supposed to have been left by Napoleon Bonaparte and in this search the Franco-German War, the Siege of Paris, the Commune, afford abundant openings for the most dramatic action. The author does not trouble himself in the least about probability, but dashes right forward and fractures the skull of his hero so many times, in obedience to the exigency of the plot, that it is really a wonder Napoleon Smith did not finally have to procure a wooden head, like the hero of Eugene Mouton's great story of L' Invalide a la tete de bois.

## A JUVENILE PASSENGER.

From The Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.

The Burlington train from the East last night brought one of the most remarkable passengers ever carried into Lincoln. It was a little girl out eight weeks old who had travelied all the way from Venice alone. She was the daughter of a poor gondola-maker, who died, leaving nothing for the support of the child. Kind neighbors raffled off the family cook stove and secured funds for the purchase of a ticker to America, where the brother of the dead man is making a good living as superintendent of a division of rathcoad track. A lunch basket containing food for three weeks and a carpet sack filled with the household goods not otherwise disposed of, and a big tag inscribed with the address of the brother, comprised the equipment of the little traveller. She was kindly cared for by the conductors on the continental railways, and received much attention from her fellow-travellers.

SLAVS AT THEIR MECCA.

POLITICAL PROPAGANDA IN RELIGIOUS GUISE AT KIEFF.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

The celebration at Kieff on July 27 of the nine-hundredth anniversary of the conversion of Russia to Christianity gave rise to one of the most extraordinary spectacles of modern times; one indeed of a nature to create consternation throughout Europe. Gathered together in this Mecca of Russian Orthodoxy were the leading members of the insurrectionary parties of Austria, Germany, Rumania, Servia and Bulgaria, whose sole and openly avowed aim is to overthrow the existing regimes of their respective countries. As guests the Russian Nation not only their hotel bells during their week's stay at Kieff, but even their travelling expenses, were defrayed by the Czar's Government, and on arrival in the Holy City they were received with the utmost distinction by a number of eminent Russian statesmen and officials of high rank, at the head of whom figured prominently M. Pobiedonotsow and General Ignaticff. Of these the former, who was the tutor of the Czar and who has remained his most intimate confidant and influential adviser, now fills the post of Procurator-General of the Holy Synod, and as such is the lay administrator and temporal chief of the Orthodox Church. Bitterly hostile to everybody and everything foreign, he is justly regarded both at home and abroad as the most important and powerful man in Russia. General Ignatieff is the famous ex-Ambassador and ex-Minister of the Interior, who is known at Constantinople, where he spent so many years of his restless and ambitious life, by the popular sobriquet of "the Father of Lies." At the present moment he holds the office of chief aide-de-camp to the Czar, and is besides a member of the Supreme Council of the Empire. But it is not their official rank alone which

renders these two men such potent factors in Russian politics. General Ignatioff was elected a few months ago to the Presidency of the "Slav Committee of Benevolence," which is nothing more nor less than the Central Executive Committee of the Panslavist movement. The avowed object of this immensely wealthy and extensive organization is to bring under Russian domination, either by fair means or foul, all the fragments of the Slav race, which are now scattered over Germany, Austria, Turkey and the Danube States. As Supreme Chief of the Russian Church and intolerant and relentless foe of all heterodox creeds, M. Pobledonetsow is ipse facto the most important coadjutor of the President of the Panslavist Committee. It is true that whereas the latter is working for the temporal adhesion to Russia of all the Slav races abroad, M. Pobiedonostow professes to be striving to attain nothing but their spiritual and religious union to Muscovite Orthodoxy. But it must be borne in mind that in the Czar's dominions religion and politics are the woof and warp of one texture, and that they have been so closely allied at all portions of the nation's history that it is impssible to say where the one ends and the other begins. However this may be, the Proscurator-General is universally regarded as being, jointly with General Ignatieff and General Tchernaleff, the high priest of Panslavism-a movement which was powerful enough in 1877 to set at deflance the autocracy of the late Czar, and to force him against his will into a war with Turkey. It was from that time the Slav agitators abroad receive their instructions and derive their very liberal subsidies; and when it is stated that in addition to the foreign malcontents above mentioned, the Holy City was thronged all last week with Greek bishops, priests and even consuls from Turkey and Crete, who are openly paid by General Ignatieff's committee to foment discontent and

We are not afraid of Austria. We know that she will never dare to declare war against us no matter what we may do. The irritative will al-ways remain in our hands. Without taking any ways remain in our hands. Without taking any account of her or of any other obstacles we shall push stendily forward to the West. Do not be alarmed as to anything Austria may do to prevent us. She is but the figure 0 in the European concert of nations. She is totally unworthy of consideration. We have never shown her any, and do not intend to do so in the future.

In order to realize the full import of these remarks, which were enthusiastically applauded by the Austrian malcontents present, it must be borne in mind that Austria has a Slav population numbering close upon 20,000,000 scattered over Bohe mia, Croatia, Hungary, etc., where the Panslavist propaganda is making immense headway. The speech moreover becomes doubly significant and threatening when taken in conjunction with the editorial leader on the Kieff celebration which appeared on the 2d inst. in the semi-official St. Petersburg "Grashdanin," the favorite organ of the Minister of the Interior, Count Tolstol. It says:

God grant that but a short time may clapse before all branches of the great Slav race be united under the shadew of their parent tree, and under the supreme rule of the great and mighty Czar. With this aim in view, which is certain to be attained sooner or later by Russia, all present difficulties such as, for instance, the Bulgarian question culties such as, for instance, the Bulgarian question must appear mean and petty. They will all vanish like smoke, if only we maintain intangible the sacred principles of our Orthodox Church, and if only the whole Slav world can be brought to com-prehend that in the Czar's protection and guardian-ship alone can be found salvation for the great Slavonie race.

It is worthy or note that the Editor of the Grashdanin" and author of the signed article just quoted is Prince Metcheisky, the most inti-

mate friend and crony of M. Pobiedonotsow. If Kieff is the Mecca of Russian Orthodoxy, the famous Petschersky monastery is its Kaaba. It is known as the wealthiest religious community in the world. Its riches are incalculable and the foreign guests at the celebration last week were only able to obtain a faint idea of their extent from the extraordinary display of precious stones noticeable on the vestments of the clergy in their grand procession from the Cathedral of St. Sophia to the spot on the banks of the Dnieper where St. Vladimir was baptized and where the river was about to be solemnly blessed again. This procession was a most wonderful sight. The glorious chants of the clergy, their magnificent rainbowcolored vestments, the brilliant uniforms of the civil and military officers, the picturesque costumes of the pilgrims from every quarter of the empire, the green roofs of the houses, the silver minarets and gilded cupolas of the churches and convents standing out against the clear blue sky, and in the foreground the deep broad river with its fasci-nating legends, all united to make up a picture sever to be forgotten, and which it is beyond the

nating legends, all united to make up a picture flever to be forgotten, and which it is beyond the power of brush or pen to portray.

The festivities of the day were, however, overclouded by a tragical incident. Just before the procession was about to begin its march, General Drentein, the Governor-deneral of all the southwestern provinces of Russia, was riding along with his escort to inspect the troops which lined the route from the cathedral to the river. While in the acc of greeting the regiment of Orenburg Cossacks with the oustonary salutation, "Keep your health, children," and receiving in reply their shout. "We wish your Excellerey good health," he suddenly recled in his saddle and then rolled off his horse on to the ground. When raised it was found that death had been instantaneous—the result of a stroke of apopiexy. A Cossack immediately planted his lance in the ground on the very spot where the General had fallen and the Orenburg regiment has requested permission to raise a monament on the site to their favorite General. For General Drentelin was immensely popular in the army, It had the reputation of being the most appright and strictly honorable man in Russia and the Czar lost no apportunity of displaying his respect and great admiration for the sterling qualities of the old soldier. Besides his rank as Governor-deneral of the most important division of the Empire, he was a full General in the army, an

aide-de-camp of the Emperor, and the possessor of the Star of St. Andrew, the higher order at the Czar's disposal, one in fact which ranks with the Order of the Garter in Great Britain. He will be remembered by many as having been appointed in 1878 as Chief of the Police of the Empire in succession to the ill-fated General Miezentsen, who was murdered in bread daylight by that particular Nihilist leader who has acquired so much fame in the literary world under the pseudonym of "Stepnisk." Three months later, that is in the spring of 1879, General Drentein's own life was attempted by the Nihilist Mirsky, who only succeeded in inflicting an unimportant wound on the General, and was subsequently hanged for the offence. Like Pobiedonotsow, Ignatieff and Tchernaieff, the late Governor-General was warmly interested in the Panslavist movement, and made no secret of his ultra Russianism, and of his intense hatred of everybedy and everything unorthedox and foreign, especially it it were German. This is hardly astonishing when it is borne in mind that he spent a considerable portion of his life in the second regiment of foot guards in which Germany is beld up to the obloquy and contempted both the officers and men in a curious and but little known manner. The subaltern officers of the regiment wear at all times when an duty, a kind of silver collar plate round their neck which bears a small inscription relative to the bravery displayed by the regiment in question at the disastrous battle of Narva. On their promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and colonel, however, they are no longer permitted to commemorate the alleged fact that the battle in question was lost solely by the cowardice of the regimental commanders, who were all of them German officers imported by Peter the Great.

One of the most remarkable features of the proession was constituted by the various groups of foreign delegates. The Austrian deputation con sisted of about a dozen members of the Imperial Reichsrath, a number of Austrian Slav clergy of the Orthodox rite, and some twenty editors of more or less important papers notorious for their antagonism to the Hapsburg dynasty. The delegation was under the leadership of the notorious Dr. Zivny, who about a year ago was expelled from the Reichersth and indicted for high treason at the Reicherath and indicted for might Vienna, for his propaganda against his Govern-ment among the Slav races in Bohemia. Dr. Zivny is at the present moment outlawed by the Austrian authorities and has taken up his residence at Mos-authorities and has taken up his residence at Mos-lavian Strossmeyer, the demagegue Bishop

ment among the Siav races in Bonemia. Dr. Zavin is at the present moment outlawed by the Austrian authorities and has taken up his residence at Moscow. Bishop Strossmeyer, the demagogue Bishop of Djakovar, was to have figured among the delegation. But at the very last mement when just about to start for Kiefl he suddenly received strict orders from Vienna not to absent himself from his diocese. This, however, did not prevent him from sending a most extraordinary telegraphic dispatch to M. Pobiedonotsow, in which he prayed God to bless Russia and to help her in all things and in particular to attain a speedy fulfilment of the great political mission imposed upon her by Providence. This dispatch reached Kieff during the banquet to the foreign delegates and was read aloud by General Ignaticiff in the course of his aggressive speech. The atmost indignation has been caused throughout Austro-Hungary by the telegram in question, and it is probable that the Bishop, who is an honorary member of the St. Petersburg Panslavist Committee, will be deprived of his see.

The Bulgarian deputation was headed by the ex-Prime Minister, Dragan Zankoff, who was the author of the coup d'etat which culminated in the kidnepping and overthrow of Prince Alexander. M. Zankoff was treated with the most distinguished consideration by General Ignaticiff, and on the morning of the procession he was fetched from his hotel by the Metropolitan of Kieff and M. Pobiedonotsow himself. It is stated that M. Zankoff was able to show his Russian friends a confidential dispatch from M. Stambouloff, the present Prime Minister of Bulgaria, in which the latter declares that both he himself and the Bulgarian people are heartly sek of Prince Ferdimand, perfectly ready to throw him overbeard and most anxious to make their peace with Russia. It may incidentally be remarked here that the months of August and September have always been the most unlucky ones of the whole year for the rulers of Bulgaria.

At the head of the picturesquely garbed delegation from the

Montenegro.

The Rumanian deputation was to have been conducted by the Archibishop and Primate of Moldau, accompanied by four of his bishops, the most prominent of whom wuld have been Monsigner Melchisedee, the Bishop of Roman. Just as in the case of Bishop Strossmeyer, they were on the point of setting out for Kieff when stringent orders were received from the Sovereign countersigned by the Prime Minister, prohibiting their departure. Nor can King Charles be blamed for his apparently arbitrary action in the matter. their departure. Nor can King Charles be blamed for his apparently arbitrary action in the matter. The Primate of Moldau and Bishop Melchisedec are Ignatieff's committee to foment discontent and insurrection in the European provinces of the Porte, it will be realized that the religious character of the Kieff celebration was merely a cloak for a great Panslavist convention.

To what extent this was the case may be estimated by the fact that within three days after the Emperer William's departure from St. Petersburg. M. Pobledonotsow was delivering an eloquent and impassioned speech at Kieff in which he alluded to the sacred mission of Russia to shield and preserve the Slav race and Orthodox Christians from what he was pleased to term "German slavery", while General Ignatieff at a public banquet in honor of the foreign guests at Kieff actually went so far as to allude to the Panslavist agitation in Austria in the following terms:

Or his apparently arbitrary action in the matter. The Primate of Moldau and Bishop Melehisedec are notorious as being warm and active adherents of the Panslavist movement. At the instigation of the latter diving his lifetime, they organized about three years ago a so-called "Orthodox Association" at Jassy Church of Rumania from the "danger-ous aggressions of Roman Catholicism." Both National Church of Rumania from the "danger-ous aggressions of Roman Catholicism." Both National Church of Rumania from the "danger-ous aggressions of Roman Catholicism." Both National Church of Rumania from the "danger-ous aggressions of Roman Catholicism." Both Church of Rumania from the "danger-ous aggressions of Roman Catholicism." Both National Church of Rumania from the "danger-ous aggressions of Roman Catholicism." Both Church of Rumania from the "danger-ous aggressions of Roman Catholicism." Both National Church of Rumania from the "danger-ous aggressions of Roman Catholicism." Both National Church of Rumania from the "danger-ous aggressions of Roman Catholicism." Both National Church of Rumania from the "danger-ous aggressions of Roman Catholicism." Both National Church of Rumania from the "danger-ous aggressions" of Roman Catholicism." The Nat of the Rumanian prelates, ago M. Hitrovo, the Russian weeks ago M. Hitrovo, the Russian Minister at Buckarest, accompanied by his entire staff, all dressed in full uniform, paid an official visit to Bishop Melchisedee and selemnly handed him a macnificently jewelled gold icon and chain on behalf of Emperor Alexander. King Charles cannot but deeply resent such conduct. For his throne is terribly shaky. Both his dynastic and personal relations will lead him, when the inevitable war between Russia and Austro-Germany breaks out, to throw in his lot with the allies. If he does so, however, notwithstanding the fact that it would be to the best political advantage of Rumania, he will be instantly deserted by his troops and driven from his throne by his subjects. For as not only all the parish clergy, but in fact the entire population, belong to the orthodox rite, they all regard the Czar as their subjects. all the parish clergy, but in fact the entire population, belong to the orthodox rite, they all regard
the Czar as their spiritual father, and to bear arms
against him would be looked upon by them as an
act of sacrilege. "How can we fight against the
Czer and acainst the Russians, who are our
brothers and Christians like ourselves?" exclaimed
a simple Rumanian soldier the other day when
questioned by a foreigner cencerning his political
creed. No; the Rumanians will never bear arms
against Russia, no matter what King Charles may
or may not decide. All the mere as they hate
the Austrians, who were guilty of great oppression
and crucky when they occupied the Danubian
States during the Crimean war.

Probably the most important of all the delega-

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ions present at Kieff was that-of Servia. Not only was the Revolutionary Committee which in 1883 attempted to unset King Milan's throne and to put him out of the way in true Balkan style present in full force, but also General Grintch and M. Ristics, Premiers of the last two Cabinets, were in attendance. And as a climax to the whole matter the religious ceremonies in the cathedral on July 27, that is the great day of the festival, were presided ever by Monsignor Michael, the ex-Primate and ex-Metropolitan of Servia, who was deprived of his office and banished from the kingdom for the lead-ing part which he took in the conspiracy of 1883. It is only right to add that the plot in question originated in the objection of the Skuttchina and of the clergy to follow King Milan in his anti-Russian and pre-Austrian policy. Namezous conferences were help of the Hotel Bellevue at Kieff between the Servain malcontents above mentioned and M. Pobledonotsow, General Ignatieff, General Techernal and M. Pobledonotsow, General Ignatieff, General and M. Pobiedonotsow, General Ignatieff, General Tehernaieff and young Count Toistoi, the son of the Minister of the Interior, who receptly married the daughter of the late editor and Panslavist leader Katkoff. Numerous cipher telegrams were dispatched to Queen Natalie, among others a long one from M. Pobledontsow. This together with the marked attention shown to the Servian Queen when last in Vienna by the Russian Ambassador. Prince Lobanoff, has had the effect of terribly searing King Milan, and he now bitterly repents having listened to the petnicious advice of the German envoy at Belgrade, who and his wife are the bitterest personal enemies of Queen Natalie and largely responsible for the quarrel between King Milan and his consert. At the present moment the King has not only abandoned all thoughts of obtaining a divorce, but is even anxiously striving to bring about a reconciliation. He has to bring about a reconciliation. He has thoroughly realized that it is by this means alone that he has any chance of saving his throne, and he understands now that the only reason why the Emperor Alexander did

CAMPAIGN SONGS.

THE WORKINGMAN'S POTE foil swings the axe and forests bow, Sown seeds break out in radiant bloom,

Rich harvests smile behind the plough, And cities cluster near the loom. Where towering domes and tapering spires Ascend from vale and slope and hill,

Iwart labor lights industrial fires— And plumes with smoke the forge and mill. Armies of stalwart men who smite Anvils that ring oppression's doom ' Will stand up squarely in the fight For justice, liberty and home.

Here where the star-lit banner flies, Protection spreads its sheltering wings This is the toller's paradise, Where honest toll fair wages brings.

Bronzed at the forge, bleached in the mill, Or delving with his busy spade. Us vote will voice a workman's will. Against the "unrestricted trade."

Jith " starving prices" in its train And poverty with lack of broad, Theors for the flag of stars again. Eage and stripes, blue, white and red! GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

ME'S ALL RIGHT.

What's the matter with Tippecanoe? He's all right! With Tippecanoe and Morton, too,

We can fight! When Harrison leads we fight to win, Things look bright. We'll stick to our leader through thick and thin, For he's all right!

What's the matter with "Bitle Ben" 1 He's all right! The bravest of soldlers, the purest of men,

For him we'll fight! With Tippecanoe and Morton, too, Things look bright.

We'll follow our leaders, stanch and true-For they're all right! What's the matter with the "G. O. P."? It's all right!

It lit on it's feet ; just let it be-It can fight! With Tippecance and Morton we Are happy, quite. Harrison, Morton and the "G. O. P.,

Oh, they're all right! ADA.

GROVER C.

(Air-" Old Uncle Ned.") There once was a man whom they called Grover C.—
He's living yet for anything we know—
He made a good sheriff, for he kept a good rope—
In the city of Buffalo.

Chorus. Then lay down the veto very low, Put back the flags—just so; Wo've no more use for you, Grover C., You're going back to Buffalo!

Uncle Sam on a sudden took a very strange whim, And he said to this Grover C., "You may move your traps to the old White House And our President you shall be." But soon Grover C. made him sick of the job,

For he specred at the Boys in Blue, And the pension bills that were brought him to sign He vetoed—a hundred or two. Uncle Sam kept a few old flags in a loft,
They were suatched from the Rebs as you know;
Grover C. tried to dicker those flags for votes,
But the old man swore they shouldn't go!

Uncle Sam had some sheep in a big back lot—
He kept them for mutton and for wool,
"Tother day Grover C...-for a cute little joke—
Gave the old ram's tail quite a pull!

But the sheep got mad and he backed for a run,
With his horns tipped down-just so.
Then he whacked Grover C. clear heels over head,
Half way back to old Buffalo!

Final Chorus.

Then lay down the veto very low,
Put back the flags—just so;
Let us shed one tear for poor Grover C.,
He has started for Buffalo;
W. B. HAMILTON.

HIS LAST VETO.

(Air: "My Last Cigar.") He sat up in his old arm chair,
Which he entirely fills,
And there before him lay a pile
Of soldiers' pension bills;
With a bitter scoff and an angry frown At the name of each hero, He breathed a sigh to think, in sooth, It was his last veto!

CHORUS.

It was his last veto!

It was his last veto!

He breathed a sigh, to think, in sooth,

It was his last veto!

His pride had been to cry "reform" All through his great career!
And veterans were discharged by scores
White jail-birds took good cheer;
And traitors filled the places when
Our soldiers had to go,
But Clereland sees with sadness that
He's reached his last veto!

At Round Top and the Devil's Den At Round Top and In eighteen sixty-three, Meade's gallant boys with hearts of stee Repulsed the hosts of Lee!
And comrades of the boys who fell will all be glad to know
That Harrison is at the helm,

That Harrison is at the ne. At Cleveland's last vero. These men who marched 'neath Sherman's flag
From mountain to the sea.
And followed Grant through the Wilderness
To fight for you and me;—
We'll pay to them a generous share
Of the great debt we owe,
And thank the God of Battles that

And thank the God of 'Twas Cleveland's last verol WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HARRISON?

What's the matter with Harrison?
The statesman tried and true
And as brave a Union soldier
As ever wore the blue;
For Union and for Liberty
He fought a gallant fight;
Oh, nothing's the matter with Harrison—
He's all right:
CHORUS.

The sail right!

CHORUS.

Then hurrah, hurrah for Harrison,
The soldier tried and true,
We'll put him in the White House,
For he wore the Union blue;
We'll east our votes for Harrison,
And work with all our might;
For nothing's the matter with Harrison—
He's all right!

What's the matter with Cleveland, The man from Buffalo? The man from Buffalo?
When his country called him,
siraightway—he didn't go;
He could the a hangman's nather,
But he didn't like to shoot,
So he drew his Sheriff's salary
And sent a substitute.

CHORUS.

That's what's the matter with Cleveland,
That's why he will not do;
So we'll cast our votes for Harrison,
Who wore the Union blue!
We'll cast our votes for Harrison,
And work with all our might;
For nothing's the matter with Harrison—
He's all right! He's all right!

What's the matter with Harrison!
An American through and through!
And what's the matter for a war-ors'
With Tariff and Tippecanoe"?
For Protection to America
lie's ready again to fight,
For nothing's the matter with Harrison—
He's all right!

CHORUS.
Then hurrah, hurrah for Harrison Then hurrah, nurrah for Harrison,
An American through and through!
We'll put him in the white House,
For he were the Union blue;
We'll east our votes for Harrison,
And work with all our might;
For nothing's the matter with Harrison—
He's all right!

What's the matter with Cleveland,
Whom Englishmen dearly love,
And with whom cheap-labor nations
Are clearly "hand in glove"!
For Canada and for England,
No doubt but what ne'll do;
But America wants for Fresident
An American through and through.

An American through and through.
CHORUS.
That's what's the matter with Cleveland.
That's why he will not do;
So we'll cast our votes for Harrison,
An American through and through!
We'll cast our votes for Harrison,
And work with all our might;
For nothing's the matter with Harrison—
He's all right!

He's all right!

Let every Union veteran

His standard tally round,
And let every worthy workingman

Within his ranks be found!

Free trade he'd veto all the day,
Not pension bits all night;

For nothing's the matter with Harrison—He's all right!

Then harral for cause and leader,
For "Tariff and Tippecance!!
And hurral for our glorious emblom,
The old Red, White and Elne!
And hurral for the jorful udings
That shall come election night!

"The free-trade man is beaten—
Hen Harrison's all right!"

SORE FROM KNEE TO ANKLE. Skin Entirely Gone. Flesh a Mass of Disease, Leg Diminished One-Third in Size. Condition Hope-icas. Cured by the Cuttenin Remedies.

For three years I was almost crippled with an awful sore leg, from my knee down to my ankle; the skin was entirely gone, and the flesh was one mass of disease. Some physicians pronounced it incurable. It had diminished about one-third the size of the other, and I was in a hopeless condition. After trying all kinds of remedies and spending hundreds of dollars, from which I got no relief whatever, I was persuaded to try your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and the result was a follows: After three days I noticed a decided change for the better, and at the end of two months I was completely cured. My flesh was purified, and the bone (which had been exposed for ever a year) got sound. The flesh began to grow, and to-day, and for nearly two years past, my log is well to-day, and for nearly two years past, my leg is well as ever it was, sound in every respect, and not a sign of the disease to be seen

S. G. AHERN, Dubols, Dodge Co., Ga. Terrible Suffering from Skin Diseases

I have been a terrible sufferer for years from diseases of the skin and blood, and have been obliged to shun public piaces by reason of my disfiguring humors. Have had the best of physicians and spent hundreds of delices, but got no relief until 1 used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which have ensed re—ad left my skin as clear and my blood as pure as a child's.

IDA MAY BASS, once Branch P. O., Miss.

From 145 Pounds to 172 Pounds. I have taken several bottles of CUTICURA RESOLV-ENT with all the results I could wish for. About this time last year, when commencing its use, I weighed 145 pounds, and today I weigh 172 pounds. GEO. CAMPBELL, Washington, D. C.

GEO. CAMPBELIA, Washington, D. C.
NOTE.—The CUTICURA RESOLVENT is beyond all
doubt the greatest blood purifier ever compounded.

CUTICURA, the great thin Cure, and CUTICURA
SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA
ESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally,
are a positive cure for every form of Skin and Blood Disease, from Pimples to Scrofuls.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 80 cents; SOAP, 25 cents; RESOLVENT, 81. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mess. Send for " How to Cure Skin Discases," 64 pages, 50

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP. HOW MY BACK ACHES!

HOW MY BACK ACHES!

Back Ache, Kidney Pains, and Weakness, Soreness, Lameness, Strains and Pain relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. The first and only pain-killing plaster. 25 cents.

And hurrah for the joyful tidings
That shall come election night:
"Nothing's the matter with Harrison—He's all right?" GOOD MORNING, GROVER C.

(After the "Matty Van" of 1840.) Good morning, Grover C!
I see you're fat and hearty.—(bis.4
I have a word or two to say
About the next election day,
And our little party,

Way down in Oregon
'Tis true as line and plummet.—(bis.)
They put their fingers to their nose.
Saying, "Here she goes and there she goes!
But Cleve, you cannot come it."
Grover C!

Likewise in Tennessee,
Where you think you'll roll in clover—(bia.)
They say they'll have no more to do
With such a slippery chap as you;—
I fear you are done over,
Grover C1

And now we get sad news
From "doubtjul" Indiana;—(bis.)
They've found a man with better views
Than yours, and him they'll surely choose,
And drop the Red Bandana!
Grover Ct Grover C1 The Mugwumps of New-York, Who go for "Service Civil,"—(bis.) Are much disgusted with your wol And stand all ready, with a fork To pitch it to the divvie!

Grover C1 This, too, no doubt,
Is true to the protection—(b.s.)
Of iron, wood, and also wood,
Which o'er their eyes you cannot pull!
No hopes of your election, Grover C!

So finish up your "stagle term I now it was he you can, sir i-(b)s. You know you said a single term With all the honors he could care (1:3.) Was 'nough for any man, sir!

Grover C1

THE MINERS CATCH ON. T. P. O'Conner in the Cocur d'Alene Record. Come, Bill Magee, sit down with me Until we task it over; Whether I can—an Irishman— Vote "Harrison" or "Grover."

England, 'tis said, is for "Free Trade" And Grover's re-election; If that be so to h-l 1'd go To beat her with "Protection."

There's Jim McCann, as true a man As ever tossed a hat: He swore that he would traiter be If longer Democrat. The English, Joe, as well you know,
Hates us—this country, too;
When they're intent on President
We'll thrash them "black and blue."

That robber band in Ireland Starved us by 'cursed 'Free Trade' But here we'll fight with Irish might 'Ere Yankees they'll degrade."

Now, Bill Magee, 'tis piain to see That England governs here: The laws are made, it must be said, To give her hope and cheer.

Then, Bill Magee, for you and me And ever, faithful lover Of that old land by Britain banned It's vote gainst 'English Grover.

T. P. O'CONNOR. THEY MISS NO WINE NOW,

From The Albany Argus.

In a certain club in this city the wine cellar was strangely depicted of its contents. Bottle after bottle of champagne disappeared and locks seemed no bar against the thirsty theeve. Finally a new superintendent was placed in charge and he seemed to be a man of an ingenious turn of mind. He put new locks upon the cellar but he did not mean to place his dependence wholly upon iron botts. So he secured a remarkably ugly bull dog, with a very misanthropic disposition, and shut him in the cellar. There the brute stays all of the time, except for half an hour duty, when le is given a tun in the sunlight. The dog has no taste for champagne, and now the wins stays where it is put until it is wanted in the cafe.

CHOIR ENGLISH AT THE THEATRES. Boston letter to The Providence Sanday Journal.

The theatres are showing signs of life once more, which makes it proper to teil a trialing incident which carries with it a pungent reflection upon the fashion in which certain actors pronounce their lines. A madeu of ten was recently taken to the play by an affectionate aunt, and throughout the entire Jerto, mance the child exhibited signs of the liveliest satisfaction. As they came out the aunt asked the natural and usual question:

"Well, did you like it, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, Aunt Annie," was the enthusiastic response, "I had a beautiful time, but why don't they speak English more?" Boston letter to The Providence Sunday Journal.

ALPENSTOCKS AT THE SEASHORE.

ALPENSTOCES AT THE SEASHORE.

Narragansett Pler isiter to The Providence Journal.

Lucky is the woman who can show the first importation of a noveity. One somebody carries a long cane, an alpenstock. She is not so very tall, but sho might be taller, so this, her new fad, planny points, when in her hand it is above her little head. This last from the Old World is a cane of satinwood, pure white, with a massive gold top. Near the handle is an enormous white-satin bow. At the Pler 'us said she uses it as does the Alpine chimber; lacking height, however, she puts it to assisting her in jumping the rocks.

FUTURES IN MELONS.

From The Charleston News and Courier.

The new mode of disposing of the melon crop which has been introduced into South Carolina is certainly well calculated to encourage the development of the meion-growing industry, and to make it generally interesting besides. Under the plan which now prevails, as explained by Colonel Cardwell, the freight agent of the Ricamond and Panville lines, the great green eggs are not only counted before they are batched, so to speak, but are sold before they are laid. This is a decided inavvation in the market garden business, and puts the meion-grower at once on a footing with his cotton producing centemporary and neighbor, since it amounts in practice to introducing the system for selling and buying "futures" into the meion market.

We may expect hereafter, of course, to hear of buy-

kot.

We may expect hereafter, of course, to hear of buyers going short or long or July "Kolb Gems," of a sharp advance or retreat of August "Rattlesnakes," of "Mountain Sprouts" willing under the influence of a cool breeze in Wall Street, or of a depression among the Produce Exchange brokers, caused by Induiging overmuch in melons 500 miles away.

AN ODD NAME FOR THOSE BOOTS. Arlo Bates, in The Providence Sunday Journal.

Arlo Bates, in The Providence Sunday Journal.

A man who is an enthusiastic fisherman was recently getting together his cutfit preparatory to starting on a cruiss, and among articles which he found is necessary to buy were rubber boots. He bought the sort that come well up the thigh and fasten dightly to the leg at the top with straps, and when the bill was sent home he found hisself charged with "one pair baptismal pants!" The meaning may be plain at a glance in Rhode Island, where fightly traditional obtain sa widely, but it not the uncircital sportsman some time to perceive that these long-legged boots formed part of the wardrobe which it was recover for a elergyman to wear during the cereamony of baptism.

Our nepcless ne'er-do-well always gives himself away. He applied recently to a failor for a berth as a "first-class cutter out." He said he could "cut out and play billiards, and drink bitters with anyone in the trade. And now he wonders why he is still in the ranks of the unemployed,—(Fun.